

McGill Daily

VOL. VI, NO. 28, 25

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1916.

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SIX KILLED IN ACTION.

Serving With All Branches of His Majesty's Forces on Firing Line.

No fewer than 94 members of past editorial staffs of McGill Daily are of active service, according to a Roll of Honour which has been compiled and placed in the editorial office. Of these six have been killed and several others wounded, while one is a prisoner of war.

The Roll of Honour follows:

Allen, Capt. N. B., 208th Battalion.

Armstrong, Lieut. J. D., Canadian Engineers.

Auld, Lieut. F. C., Canadian Garrison Artillery.

Banfield, Gunner F. P., No. 6 Battery, Siege Artillery.

Banfield, Lieut. W. B., Canadian Infantry.

Biggar, Capt. W. H., 5th Divisional Train.

Biggar, Lieut. L. H., Canadian Infantry.

Burke, Lieut. M. T., Canadian Artillery.

Burn, Lieut. G. D., Headquarters staff.

Badgley, Lieut. F. C., Canadian Artillery.

Beatty, Lieut. H. C., Canadian Artillery.

Bennett, Lieut. C. M., Royal Artillery.

Beveridge, Pte. W. W., No. 3 Canadian General Hospital.

Cameron, Pte. G. M., 148th Battalion.

Cassels, Lieut. W. L., Canadian Engineers, wounded.

Caverhill, Lieut. G. R., Canadian Army Service Corps.

Crosley, Lieut. Cecil, 5th Royal Irish Fusiliers, killed in action.

DeRoche, Flight Sub-Lieut. M. C., military wing, Royal Naval Air Service.

Dale-Harris, 2nd Lieut. H. R., Royal Artillery.

Dobson, Pte. R. M., P.P.C.L.I., wounded.

Dunton, Lieut. W. E., P.P.C.L.I., shellshocked.

Farthing, Gunner J. C., 66th Battery.

Foster, Gunner S. C., 3rd Battery, Siege Artillery.

French, Capt. B. St. George, Infantry Fusiliers, killed in action.

Foran, Lieut. H. P., Canadian Infantry.

Gordon, Pte. J. Keith, 11th Field Ambulance.

Gallagher, Lieut. G. A., Canadian Infantry.

Gilchrist, Lieut. G. H., Canadian Engineers.

Gordon, Capt. C. A. R., 11th Field Ambulance.

Graham, Lieut. C. C., Canadian Artillery.

Griffith, Pte. H. B., 6th Field Ambulance.

Henry, Pte. W. R., No. 9 Field Ambulance.

Hugesson, Sergt. Hon. A. K., No. 6 Battery, Siege Artillery.

Holland, Capt. R. R., No. 1 Construction Battalion.

Henry, Lieut. H. D., M.G.O., 158th Battalion.

Hale, Lieut. F. W. G., 148th Battalion.

Hall, Lieut. John S., Canadian Engineers.

Harold, Sergt. J. J., 5th Canadian Mounted Rifles, wounded.

Heaton, Lieut. J. C., 24th Battalion, wounded.

Hemming, Lieut. H. H., Royal Field Artillery, despatches.

Henson, Lieut. E. F. L., Royal North Lancashire Regiment.

Holmes, Lieut. R. C., Canadian Army Service Corps.

Holmes, Lance-Corp. R. E. L., 4th Battalion, killed in action.

Hughes, 2nd Lieut. F. G., Northumberland Fusiliers, killed in action.

Hutcheson, Lieut. M. H., Canadian Infantry.

Jenks, Pte. A. N., No. 3 Canadian General Hospital.

Kennedy, Sergt. G., No. 3 Canadian General Hospital.

Kerry, Pte. John, 148th Battalion.

Koelle, Lieut. L. E. L., Canadian Signal Company.

Lalanne, Lieut. J. A., 60th Battalion, wounded.

Lamontagne, Lieut. Y., Royal Engineers.

Lake, 2nd Lieut. J. L. E. R., Border Regiment, killed in action.

Leslie, Lieut. E. A., Canadian Artillery.

Mathewson, Lieut. J. A., 42nd Battalion, wounded.

Mahaffy, Lieut. L. H., Canadian Infantry.

Morgan, Capt. H. W., 73rd Battalion.

Murison, Lieut. C. A. P., Royal Field Artillery.

Murray, Lieut. W. E. G., Royal Flying Corps (twice wounded).

McGreer, Gunner E. D., 66th Battery.

McVittie, Gunner T. J., 6th Siege Artillery.

Moyse, 2nd Lieut. R. E., British Infantry, wounded.

Macmillan, Lieut. A. J., 240th Battalion.

Macfarlane, Lieut. M. D., Middlesex Regiment (attached R. F. Corps).

Mackay, Lieut. Reay, 25th Battalion.

McLennan, Lieut. G. S., 73rd Bat-

HEAD OF HOCKEY CLUB.



"PAT" ROONEY.

Mr. Rooney is president of the Hockey Club, which plans an extensive tour of the American hockey centres this winter.

SPECIAL WORK IS GIVEN THE MCGILL UNIT

Dr. Archibald, Recently Returned From France, Interviewed by Daily.

EXPERTS MAKE IT FAMOUS.

All the Special Work on Fevers of Obscure Causation Given Them.

Dr. E. W. Archibald, who has just returned from France, where he was connected with the No. 3 (McGill) Hospital, has a great deal to say of the value of the services rendered to the wounded by the men of the McGill unit. As seems to be the universal opinion, he believes that it is the best of the war hospitals. When interviewed by the Daily last night he spoke as follows re the work of the unit:

"No. 3 Canadian General Hospital is composed of McGill students. I left them working steadily, but at the time, about the 15th of October, the number of wounded had diminished a great deal, while the number of sick was increasing. We had at the time more sick than wounded on account of the slowing up of the fighting, and the onset of poor weather. Because of the exceptional strength of the unit, trained laboratory men, particularly Major Rhea, and Captain Shanks, the unit had been asked to do a large amount of special work, in the diagnosis of the large class of fevers of obscure causation (the 'pyrexia of unknown origin' cases). The excellence of the work in this direction attracted very favorable comment on the part of the Imperial medical authorities in the Boulogne district. Colonel Elder was devoting special attention to the treatment of infected wounds of the knee joint, and had got very gratifying results in a series of cases numbering over 50.

"The hospital had also, through the kindness of the Red Cross, been able to segregate all the cases of chest injuries in the beautiful Red Cross recreation hut, with its broad piazzas, so that these cases were given the benefit of the fresh air treatment, whatever the weather might be. This had been possible only through the months of the late push, the Red Cross hut being given back for its original purpose of a recreation place for the personnel and wounded, as soon as the heavy fighting was over. But the idea was so favorably received that the Red Cross had offered to build another hut for the special treatment of chest injuries. Altogether the unit was doing steady and good work, such as might be expected from the men trained by McGill.

"The unit had earned an enviable reputation in the way of kindness of treatment of the wounded and sick who passed through, and a great deal of that reputation is due to the skill and the devotion of our nurses.

"The installation of the hospital is exceedingly good, the comfort of the sick and wounded is exceptionally well provided for, and the army does a great deal more than in any previous war for the health of the soldier. The help of the Red Cross and of all the kind people who independently send gifts, make up for the now comparatively few comforts which the army does not provide.

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FRESHMEN-SOPH SMOKER STAGED LAST EVENING

Affair Proved a Great Success in Every Way.

LECTURE ON SUBMARINES.

Dr. Barnes and J. C. Heeney Were the Speakers of the Evening.

The Science Freshman-Sophomore smoker, which was held last night, was a complete success. A very fair proportion of the members of the two classes most interested were present, as well as a number of prominent men about the college, including: Dr. Barnes, as the guest of honour, and A. H. Milne, the president of the Science Undergraduates' Society. During the course of the evening musical selections were rendered by the following: Messrs. Brace, Windsor, Lerose, Scott, and Mouquin.

After some introductory music the President of Science '20, J. B. King said a few words of thanks to the Sophomores for the manner in which the latter have helped the Freshmen over the rough spots in the first month of their college career. He then introduced Dr. Barnes to those present, a proceeding which was hardly necessary, since the latter was well known to all.

Dr. Barnes opened his talk by relating the story of the first victim of submarine warfare. In the latter part of 1700 a man named Dey was carrying out some experiments with air-tight boxes, which he sank ten feet under the surface, and surprised his friends by remaining under water for seemingly incredible periods. Dey wished to make some money out of his work, so he made a sporting bet that he could remain under two hundred feet of water for 12 hours. He carried out the trial until it was time to come up; and he has not come up yet. He did not consider the enormous pressure at that depth.

The Doctor then proceeded to speak of the submarine menace. It is impossible for ships to detect the presence of submarines, although snore stations have delicate instruments with which they are able to detect the hum of the motors within a radius of fifty miles. However, when these instruments are placed on a ship, the noise of her own engines soon put them out of adjustment.

By certain laws which are not yet understood, a torpedo must be submerged to a certain depth in order to reach its objective. If this is not done it will come to the surface and can be sighted along the top of the water. There has been invented a new torpedo which is controlled by microphone ears, and when the torpedo is a certain distance from the submarine firing it, the gyroscope stops work, and the ears come into operation. If the sound waves from the ship's propellers strike one of these ears with greater force than they strike the other the torpedo is turned towards the source of greater sound. As the speed of an average torpedo is over thirty knots, it will speedily overtake any ship. It is not known whether this invention does, all that is claimed of it, on account of the close secrecy with which information on these subjects is guarded by the navy authorities.

Another problem confronting submarine designers is the question of a suitable storage battery. The battery used at present is a lead one; the objection to this type being that if salt water gets to the battery it generates chlorine gas, which is one of the poison gases used by the Germans. Another trial in this field is the Edison Potasy Battery, but at the only test known of, of this type, the battery blew up. There is a great field for inventors to devise a method of propulsion not making use of the storage battery, and which will be at the same time silent and secret. Compressed air may be used, but it leaves a trail of bubbles behind.

In conclusion, Dr. Barnes touched on the great opportunity for Science men to solve the problems presented by present conditions. In the United States almost everyone is very extravagant, and naturally this results in a great waste of raw material which might be turned into products useful in many ways. The high cost of living which is causing such concern affords the Science man an opening to make use of the Physics and Chemistry which he is being taught to-day. He advised that all those present take up the study of these subjects.

President King then called on T. J. Heeney, President of the Sophomore Science Class, to say a few words.

Mr. Heeney informed his audience that he was on his feet because he had something to say, not to make a speech. He offered a great deal of sound advice to the Freshmen.

In the next few weeks the new men will be getting to know more of the student leaders, and will get to know something of each one's personal character. They will then be in a fair position to judge as to what different organizations they should join.

There are three different classes of students, each one possessing its good points. First are those students who enter college for the purpose of gaining knowledge only, and who give time to nothing else. This class will make a name for its Alma Mater. Then there are those who specialize in athletics—who endeavour to make their College famous in the field of sport. These, too, benefit their Alma Mater.

(Continued on Page 3.)

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ATHLETICS AS A FACTOR IN LIFE.

From civilization's earliest stages, physical perfection in man has been regarded with as high esteem as mental development. There was, in fact, a time when those most deserving of honor and reward for high mental attainments were denied these pleasures because of physical imperfection. The best classical example of this point being, perhaps, the life of the unfortunate Aesop, from whose mind sprang the gems of fable that have endured through countless generations. His twisted body caused him to be ridiculed, and in the end to be cruelly murdered.

The early Spartans made physical development paramount. The Spartan boy's mind might be as uncultivated as the desert of Sahara, but if he was possessed of a well developed body he satisfied all the aspirations of his parents.

The body of a Spartan youth was regarded as the property of his country to develop as it saw fit, and no pains were spared to make it a strong and sinewy one. He was constantly in training, and obliged to sleep on reeds torn from their roots without the aid of other forces than his hands. His covering in winter and summer alike was thistle-down, which was supposed to be very heating! The Spartan idea of cleanliness did not conform very well to ours, their entire wardrobe outside of their weapons and armour, consisting of one shirt, which served them one year to another without laundering.

The Romans liked physical perfection only for its possibilities in the arena and stadium, and as furnishing a basis for gambling. Their sports were nearly all brutal in nature. Their races were made as dangerous as possible, and were notoriously corrupt. Their gladiatorial contests were the most unfair and the bloodiest in history. Men were trained during their entire lives to a state of physical perfection only to furnish fifteen minutes' amusement on a Roman holiday.

They had some other and less fierce games, but they were not indulged in to any great extent. There was no national game, though boxing, wrestling, and the sports which we group as field athletics were practiced. Their ball games were very dull affairs, consisting of throwing the ball into the air and trying to catch it when it came down. Their most exciting ball game was one resembling hand ball. Many homes were equipped with courts for playing this game.

In the Greek idea of athletics we find the ideal. They worshipped the human form, but did not allow their love for the external beauty to eclipse their love for the well developed and aesthetic mind. Their art, in its trend and taste proves both of these points conclusively. Their amusements were designed to furnish both mental and physical development. Theatrical and athletic performances were held simultaneously, and in conjunction. Those who excelled in one branch were as highly applauded as those who excelled in the other.

Their games consisted of chariot races of a fairer nature than those of the Romans, and all kinds of field sports were held on decreed holidays, such as the death of a statesman or the announcement of a victory. They were participated in by the best Grecian society and were interspersed with brilliant social events.

We owe to these games the present Greek games that are held periodically at various places throughout the world.

The Greek idea was assuredly a splendid one, that of mental and bodily development, neither subservient to the other, but the two combining to form that roundness of perfection accomplished by a proper blending.—J. E. F., in "The Mississippi."

EDITORIAL NOTE.

A very peculiar custom has arisen in the Faculty of Applied Science as to the pictures of each year's graduating class in that department. It is customary for the members of the Senior class to have individual photographs taken, with the idea of having them grouped into one large frame, which, as it happens, graces the walls of that building for something like a year, when it is taken down, the pictures removed, and the frame used over again to embrace the features of the succeeding class. Where the deposed portraits are placed is a mystery, although it is said, from unofficial sources, that their ultimate destination is the secluded area directly under the rafters of the Engineering Building. The other faculties, notably Medicine, make some effort at keeping all the class groups, having the groups for several years hung upon the walls and corridors of the New Medical Building. Why this could not be done in Science is a puzzle. There are several bare walls about that new building which would be greatly improved by the addition of a few such class groups to their decorative scheme. A group of each of these classes would prove a very interesting thing to the new men who enter every year, and a possible inspiration to them. They would certainly be worth their cost if only used for decorative purposes, without bringing in the sentimental side of the situation at all.

(Continued from Page 1.)

tillery.
Sutherland, Pte. M. C., 13th Battalion, killed in action.
Symonds, Pte. S. R., P.P.C.L.L., prisoner of war.
Symonds, Gunner V. K., 6th Siege Artillery.
Shanley, Lieut. J., Canadian Engineers.
Schofield, Gunner J. H., 6th Siege Artillery.
Taylor, Lieut. J. R., Canadian artillery.
Tidmarsh, Lieut. C. J., H.Q., 10th Infantry Brigade.
Todd, Lieut. J. J., 60th Battalion, wounded.
Towers, Lieut. G. A., Canadian Army Service Corps.
Warburton, Lieut. Eric, Manchester Regiment, awarded D.C.M., wounded.
Walker, Capt. H. F., H.Q., Canadian Training Division, wounded.
Whitley, Lieut. H. T. C., Canadian artillery, wounded.
Woods, Lieut. H., Canadian infantry.
Stilwell, Pte. L. H., C.A.M.C.

IMPERIAL.

Hawaiian music is becoming very popular, and it is perhaps this reason that suggested the photoplay "Rainbow Princess" to its author, Shannon Fife, when he was asked to write a photoplay in which to feature Ann Pennington, the little dancer of the Follies, which is the picture for the three days commencing tomorrow. The play has the atmosphere of the circus, with Ann Pennington in the role of a Hawaiian dancer, who travels the country with a road show. Through a family resemblance she is foisted upon a town dignitary and his granddaughter, but as a departure from the usual rule it turns out that she is no relation to the judge, and although she has up to the time of her reaching high social attainments known no other home than the showman tent, she does not return to the circus, but lives happily in her new surroundings, with, of course, a mate. The picture gives to the screen in 5 reels a good comedy, in which there is a well balanced and charming love story; with many pretty and inspiring Hawaiian dances and the thrills of circus life.

At the change of programme Wednesday, the Vitaphone photoplay "The Combat" will be the star attraction. The beautiful Anita Stewart gives to the screen in this picture another of her wonderful interpretations. The story centres around her as a woman who carries out her own desires in spite of rather harsh conventions imposed on her by her mother. It is an excellent picture to register emotions, in a play such as this it would be hard to find an actress more efficient in versatile expression than Miss Stewart.

The pleasure of witnessing productions at the Imperial is now enhanced by the interpretations of the Imperial Orchestra under the direction of Leon Kofman. The musical attraction for next week is a peculiar and surprising feature—a baritone singer under the name of Jose Toledo; however, this is not his stage name, nor his real name. He is a wonderful baritone of wide reputation, and his contract for the week's engagement with the Keith's interests called for his singing 200 miles outside of New York, that is how the Imperial placed him on the programme. The week following his appearance here, he sings in New York for a concert for one night at five times the salary he is receiving for the week's engagement in Montreal. It will be interesting to see how many recognize him.—Adv.

SMOKER STARTS ACTIVITIES OF AMERICAN CLUB

Election Night to Be Time of Club Opening.

ADOPTION OF NEW POLICY.

Plans for This Year to Include Several Interesting Social Functions.

The first meeting of the American Club for the session will be held at the Union on Tuesday, at eight o'clock. The meeting is to take the form of a smoker and get-together for the boys from across the line. The American Club has a particularly good reason for having a good year this year, as many of the clubs about the college have practically no activities since the war began. For this reason, there is very little in the line of social activities something that is very greatly essential to the welfare of a student. The plans of the club for this year include many radical changes that are expected to improve the interest in the meetings, and at the same time be of a more instructive nature than the functions of former years. The club had, unfortunately, no settled policy in former years, and this change will for that reason be all the more appreciated. Following the new policy, the first meeting will be devoted principally to the discussion of politics in the United States. The subject is well chosen, as the American election occurs on the same day, and it may be possible to have some arrangements made to get some news of the trend of the elections at the meeting. Another by no means unimportant matter that is to be brought up at the meeting will be the discussion of the Annual Thanksgiving Dinner. The time left is very short, and action will have to be taken very soon or the club will not be able to hold one this year. It is the ambition of the executive to get every one of the fifty-odd Americans now at McGill to come out for the meetings and help to live things up for them. In order to do this, the members of the executive and some of the other members of the club have been visiting as many of the Americans here as they are able to get, but they realize that it will be impossible to reach all the men, as there remains such a short time before the meeting. They wish, however, that all the men who they have been unable to see would not hesitate to come out Tuesday to the smoker, and extend a very cordial invitation to them. McGill men who at one time lived in the United States or Canadians now residing in the States are eligible to membership, as well as graduates who may live about the city. It is hoped that a number of these will join the club, and give an added impetus to the organization.

GOES BACK TO FRANCE.
A London despatch says that Lieut. Charles G. McDougall, D.C.M., Sc. '13, of the Canadian Artillery, has gone to France to rejoin his battery after qualifying in England for his commission. Lieut. McDougall won the D.C.M. for good work as sergeant not long after the First Canadians landed in France.

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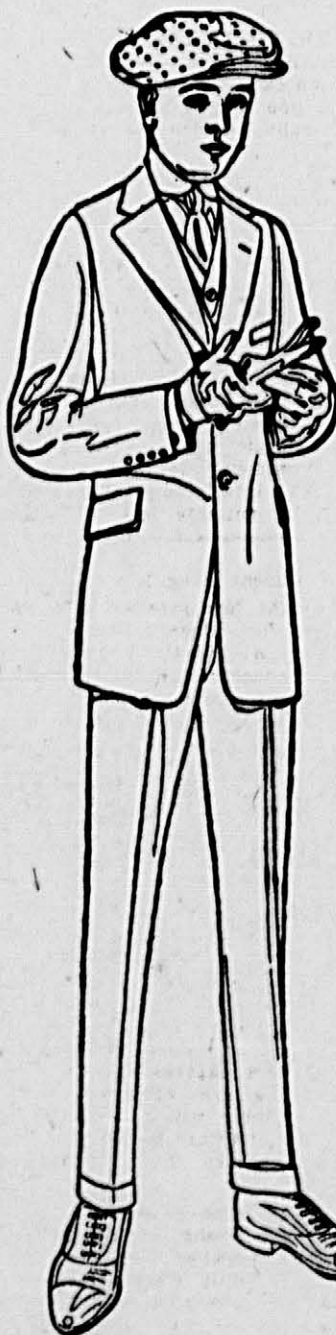
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QUIPS

—By A. S. N.

UNCLE SALT BASIN—SHOOTING THE BULL.

O, where are the ginks who would make us out flippers, the chaps with whose exploits our columns were full, the guys who with speed would be shooting the rivers—shooting the bull, shooting the bull! The boys who were circled with haloes of glory, the men who'd refuse to accept any pull, all are gone from the field fresh and gory.

Shooting the bull! Yes, something has surely gone wrong with their helms, they have drifted off helpless, a bundle of wrecks, they have floated away to the shadowy realms, fond reader, in short, they have cashed in their checks. And it's often I think 'mid the bright springing flowers, that the cause of their weeping and tearing their wool, is that these studies were spending their most precious hours—shooting the bull, shooting the bull!!

The following pathetic letter has been received by the editor of these paragraphs, and is printed without any changes. We regret, however, that it is impossible with our limited resources, to reproduce the pathetic tear-marks (not to mention finger-prints), with which it was adorned. It is expected that some earnest well-wishers will assist in devising some scheme similar to the one put forward.

Dear Sir:—You, who understand the trials and troubles of a college student, have read, with a deep feeling of sympathy, of the sad fate to which the students of the Second Year have been sentenced, for supposed mis-conduct, in welcoming the Freshmen to our University.

It has always been the lot of great men and great movements to suffer overwhelming setbacks at times; and with this we might console ourselves. But the hard fact remains that we must part with the sum of one dollar ere the powers that be will again smile upon us. It is just.

I have been led, inadvertently, perhaps, to write to you, with a view to starting some movement whereby the required cash might be raised.

The first means that suggests itself to my mind is that one so popular among those wishing to make some easy money—instituting a tag-day. There are many objections to such a proceeding, however, and I have no doubt you will leave your columns open to those who wish to discuss the matter.

Again, one might charge all the Freshmen an admission fee for the fun they had on the day mentioned. This fee could be collected now, and put to a most humane use, as you will realize.

But passing by these means for a moment, what would be more to the point, as it were, than a Sophomore Tea Room? Would it not be inspiring, as well as profitable, to see the earnest Sophomore clad in dainty little white aprons and serving tea and toast to hungry students? Following an example already set they could charge around 50c. for a slice of toast and a cup of tea; and with careful management the amount required would soon be raised. It seems to me the plan is worthy of consideration.

There are, no doubt, quite a number of Sophomores who would shine at such affairs, and all we need is to have the scheme worked up a bit in your columns.

Yours Quipfully, SOPH.

CONVERSAT. NOTES.

Arts '20—"May I sit on your right hand?"

Arts '18 (R.V.C.)—"I'm sorry, I need it. Won't you take a chair."

Freshette—"You know, I washed my hair last night, and I can't do a thing with it now."

Senior—"Neither can I. That's why I'm staying out in the night with you."

It is reported that the following suggestions will be considered at the next meeting of the Corporation. We feel sure that these reforms will meet with the approval of all the students of McGill.

1.—That military drill for the professors be made compulsory.

2.—That all lectures and laboratory periods be done away with.

3.—That free seating accommodation be arranged for all students weekly at the Orpheum.

4.—That pari-mutuel machines be installed at the annual Track Meet.

5.—That a Tag Day be held in Montreal in aid of the Stony-Broke Club of McGill. All men students become members after the annual Y. M. C. A. subscription.

6.—That Students' Council candidates supply cabs to drive the elec-

torate to the polls in the Union.

7.—That the Committee of Morals and Discipline hereafter be composed of three members of the Faculties and five student members, and that a motion become law when passed by a majority.

8.—That the holding of exams, be left entirely to the inclinations of each class concerned.

CASUAL CLARENCE.

Answers any question you like to put.

TO-DAY'S PERPETRATION.

Quest.—Why are newspapers like a busy hotel?

Ans.—Full of roomers! (Ring for ice water!)

WHO

Was the First Year Arts man who was so active in assisting a young lady to her feet, in the Arts Building at a quarter to nine on Tuesday morning?

What did she say? (Don't be afraid, we aren't going to tell.)

WHO

Has finally taken the hint, and now sits at the end of the table in the library? In view of the above, do we not deserve the title of "The Students' Protection Society"?

WHO

Is the Freshman who was discovered skulking in the basement of Strathcona Hall after the recent "Conversat.?"

WHO

Was his supper partner?

WHO

Was the wise Med. who escaped four numbers with a "Safety First" programme of fictitious names?

WHO

Was the Second Year Theolog. who was seen walking along St. Catherine St. at noon on Thursday, with a pipe nearly as big as himself in his mouth? What would happen if he were to smoke it?

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WHO

Was the Third Year Arts and Med. student who danced all evening with a young lady, and then refused to see her home?

HIS LETTER TO THE COOK AND HER REPLY.

Dear Little Duck—

I've Mustard up

Suf-Fish-lent nerve to tell you, Sweet.

That you are just the needed Cup

Of Sauce to make my Life complete.

My Heart with love is boiling o'er.

It Beats for you for all its worth; I swear, by Ginger, you are more

To me than any Bird on earth! Your gay French dressing pleases me—

I like the way that you "Ragout." You're so well-Bread—it's plain to see—

Your love I cannot be without.

Those cheeks of Peach—the Radish hair—

Ah, you're the Flour of my life! You're really such a wondrous Fare.

You'd Butter come and be my wife. So come to-night and Lettuce fly

Off to the Dessert—ah, we must! Your heart's the Apple of my eye.

Your Creamy lips and tender Crust. We'll live in Mush-rooms by the sea.

On Watercress and Seaweed Stems. Dress in your best and Fly with me!

Be sure to wear your Graham Gems. Yours, in a Stew,

Tea McArtoni.

THE ANSWER.

Dear Mac—

I Doughnut care to wed—

To Yolk myself to you. You see, An old and withered Cabbage-head

Would never, never do for me. I'm sorry that you're in a Stew.

But, though a "Duck," I cannot Fly. Really, Cantaloupe with you.

For I have other Fish to Fry. Yours, with a pinch of Salt,

the winter, and is timed to reach its conclusion with the college year. The gifted writer is held coyly 'neath the pen-name of "M.D.M." Med. '20.

GOLF.

The Famous Royal game, for which the Scots we blame, As I have seen it played By experts undismayed;

Where flows the "Coat-of-arms"; Would cover quite a book Were I in diatribe Its wonders to describe.

But since this feeble lay Full tribute cannot pay, Let us in simple rhyme—So simple 'tis a crime, Describe an expert's play, I saw but yesterday.

Divine! you needs declare To watch the magic pair Of golfers on the links Perhaps some sight as such May strike you as you watch The heroes' mystic feats:

You see the golfer stop Just like a Sherbrooke cop. When on his lazy beat At once from up the street, Shrill warlike notes he hears, And straightaway disappears; (To be Continued in our Next.)

Obviously jealous of the far-reaching fame justly achieved by the sleuths Shomlock Shears and Sprague Kennedy, a vile imitator has arisen, purporting to be a detective of equal ability. The name of this preposterous creature, while seemingly fictitious, is plainly modelled after one of the brightest lights of the profession, who it is trusted will shortly take action for libel.

THE HARROWING HISTORY OF THE DREARY DESERT.

Nig Carter, the Prince of Sleuths, sat in his study wearing a dark coat and a darker frown. He was thinking. It was all to no effect. The "mystery" remained a mystery, and there was no solution in sight.

On the great detective's desk at a loss. Count Nugot of Noachport, had disappeared, in short, had vanished off the face of the earth, as it seemed, without leaving any trace as to his whereabouts. No one had seen him, no one knew anything about him—there was no clue whatsoever. Nig was wrestling with this mysterious mystery and so far he had been beaten on all sides. But Nig's rule of life was, "Never say die until you're dead," and defeat he would never admit. So his frown grew darker and darker, he thought harder and harder; the Count of Noachport must be found.

Garter determined to travel all over the globe, if necessary, to accomplish his quest, and accordingly hired an aeroplane in which to travel.

For miles and miles he travelled but all to no avail, until at last—something happened. All at once something went wrong in the flying machine, and as he happened to be in mid-air at the time, the great detective decided that he had better land.

Arrived there safely, he looked around and found that he had alighted upon the Desert of Sarah. Suddenly he noticed traced out on the ground beside him what appeared to be handwriting. Yes, the detective had found the complete history of the disappearance of the Count, written by himself. Stop, look, listen, and I will a tale unfold which will ruffle up the very marrow of your bones, and make you wish you had never seen the "Daily" this morning.

The Count had thoroughly disgusted himself, and had gone out travelling in an aeroplane. His machine had been damaged, and had fallen in the desert in a hopeless wreck. The poor Count had very little food with him, and in a few days was on the point of starvation. Then he had a brilliant idea. He ate up his aeroplane, using the gasoline to quench his thirst! This kept him alive, although his digestion was somewhat impaired, and as long as the aeroplane and the gasoline held out he was all right.

But all things must end, and the aeroplane and the gasoline were thoroughly devoured. Again, the Count faced starvation. Not knowing that when in a desert we eat the sand-wiches there, he knew not what to do. Then as a last resort he determined to keep alive as long as possible by eating himself. He commenced with his hands, living what one might call a hard to mouth existence for a short time. Then his arms, his feet, and all the rest, until he had eaten himself all up. Then with a sigh of content he lay down and died, and so disappeared.

Nig repaired his machine and hastened home, grieved and saddened, no doubt, but exulting in the fact that he had single-handed cleared up the mystery.

O. K., Arts '19.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

"Getta Bricks." No, dear, if a young man calls you up on the phone and asks you if you are engaged, it cannot legally be regarded as a proposal. If he called you a chicken, I should not look on it as foul language. Glad to have helped you, dear.

"IVA PAYNE."

ANNUAL EPIC POEM BEGINS.

ED. NOTE.—At last we have discovered a rival, nay, rather a conqueror of the far-famed champion King-distance writer, Ronald Donald de Courcy Ross-Ross.

The superb production which has evoked from us this extraordinary tribute to the author is an epic poem of absorbing interest (compound interest, payable half-yearly). It will be printed in instalments of suitable length during

After President King had gratefully thanked the last speaker, and the Sophomores for their kindness and good wishes, A. H. Milne, President of Science Undergrads, then took the floor for a few moments.

He seconded T. J. Heney's statement that new students should show an active interest in college affairs. He then went on to speak of the Society of which he was President. Every Science man present was a member of the Science Undergraduate Society, and it was the duty of all to attend its meetings and participate in its doings.

Next Wednesday evening, he announced, the Society will hold a meeting for the purpose of discussing the question of sending Christmas boxes to Science Undergrads, at the front. This is an important subject, and the speaker expressed the desire that there be a large attendance. At this meeting there will be no outside speakers, but at future meetings there will be addresses from different sources.

After another musical selection from the orchestra, refreshments were served. The Commissariat Department of the Union certainly lived up to expectations, and everyone enjoyed the sandwiches, coffee, and ice cream.

About the time refreshments were being served, the number of those present seemed to increase by quite a bit.

After several college songs had been sung, including "Alma Mater," and the "Yell" had been given, the evening closed with the rendering of "God Save the King."

Before the men left the hall, however, the Sophomores gave three hearty cheers for the Freshmen. Mr. King immediately returned the compliment by calling for three cheers for the Sophomores. These were most heartily rendered, with the addition of a "tiger."

GR. REIFFENSTEIN WOUNDED.

Gunner John Christopher Reiffenstein, a student of Science '18, for one year, who enlisted in a battery of artillery formed in the summer of 1915, has been wounded, according to word received from the Records' Office at London by his father, C. E. Reiffenstein, 459 Elm Avenue, Westmount.

Gunner Reiffenstein was admitted to No. 5 Canadian General Hospital at Rouen on October 31, and is listed as dangerously ill from gunshot wounds.

Gunner Reiffenstein was born on July 5, 1897, and attended Lower Canada College and Ashbury College, Ottawa, before coming to McGill. At the two institutions already named he played football and hockey, and at McGill was a member of the hockey and football teams of his class.

(Continued from Page 1.)

"As regards the health of those engaged in the work, it is for the most part good, though, as might be expected, some cases of sickness have occurred."

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This Tube Hockey Skate is a great favorite particularly where the ice is hard and keen. They are extremely light, very rigid, with blades that are glass-hard—being specially hand tempered by "STARR" secret process. The Starr Manufacturing Co. Ltd. are the largest manufacturers of ice skates under the British Flag and have been making good skates for over 50 years. Their secret process of tempering makes "STARR" Skates supreme in strength and lightness, and hold their "edge" longer.

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TENNIS TOURNAMENT.
Arrangements have been made to play a tournament against the officers of the 5th Universities Co. this afternoon at 2 o'clock. The tournament will consist of doubles and singles, the former to be played off first.

The following gentlemen are requested to be on hand at 1.45 at the Tennis Courts:
H. Skeete, M. H. Young, W. J. Harshaw, P. Poulin, G. Jaques, A. Branch.

There is a rumour around that the officers have among their number a member of the former Varsity team.

The number of tennis enthusiasts have not been super-abundant this season, and it is hoped that anyone who can will turn out and give a cheer.

TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.
Yesterday the semi-finals of the Individual Tennis Tournament were played off at the R. V. C. courts. Miss Eva Ross, '20, defeated Miss Wanda Wyatt, '17, by a score of 6-2, 6-1.

To-day at 10.30, Miss Ross will play Miss Muir, '18, for the championship.

WITH THE GRENADIERS.
McGill men who are officers with the 245th Battalion, Canadian Grenadier Guards, are, Major W. L. Bond, Arts '94, Law '97, in command of "A" Company; Lieut. A. P. S. Glasco, Sci. '01; Capt. H. M. Marler, in command of "D" Company; Lieut. H. A. P. Aymer, Law '02; Lieut. G. D. Thompson, Arch. '16.

TEA ROOM REALIZES \$40.
Yesterday afternoon the R. V. C. tea room drew a record crowd. At a quarter to five the customers began to arrive thick and fast, so that the waitresses had their hands full, and soon there was a long file of people waiting for tables.

There was a much larger number of students present than on Monday, as well as many Montreal people.

The officers and men of the 8th Universities Company and of the Army Medical Corps made a good showing.

Several members of the Faculty also were present, among them Dean Moyses, Miss Hurlbatt and Miss Cameron.

The cashier took in about \$40. There were some slight expenses, but the committee will be able to hand over a considerable sum to swell the funds of the P.P.C.L.I.

SCIENCE PRACTICE A FIZZLE.
A practice of the Science football team which was called for yesterday afternoon was not held owing to the fact that a ball could not be secured. The Arts men have been having practices nearly daily, and as a result have very much improved in form. The Science men will have a last chance to practice for the game with Arts on Monday, to-day. It would seem that it would be necessary to hold some sort of a practice if they expect to win from the men from Arts.

GRAD. SUCCEEDS GRAD.
Lt.-Col. A. T. Shillington, Med. '94, has succeeded Lt.-Col. F. W. Wilson, Med. '97, as A.D.M.S. to the Canadian training division at Shorncliffe.

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Capital Fully Paid, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund, \$1,000,000.

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Now we are ready to show you the results—the largest and finest display of Fit-Reform Suits and Overcoats that we have ever carried.

Please accept this as our "Opening" announcement—and come and see the Fit-Reform styles for fall.

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The Mystery of Okeshon Ali, the Jugler

"Well," said Sprague to me, as he leaned back from the experiment he was conducting on his laboratory table, "I have another Oriental case in hand. No," he added hastily, anticipating me, "nothing to do with the Chiam Chowder. This is a murder case."

"Oh, is it?" I exclaimed. "How interesting! Has somebody been killed?"

"The scene," the great detective went on, unheeding, "is laid in a vacant lot, near by. The police, who, as usual, are quite incapable of dealing with the situation, have called me in, and I thought you might like to watch me at work. We'll just step over now, as I haven't anything on for the next half-hour. Come along!"

"Oh, thank you, Sprague," I cried. Five minutes' walk brought us to the scene of the tragedy. Surrounded by a cordon of police and a crowd of spectators lay the victim. Overhead, against the stainless blue, sailed a "Taube" aeroplane piloted by a reporter from a German-American paper. The occupant, we could see, was rapidly taking notes, which he was forwarding by wireless.

We pushed through the crowd, passed the police and gazed on the murdered man. He was apparently a Hindu, over six feet in height, and his throat was cut from ear to ear in a peculiarly thorough fashion. In addition, half of one ear was missing, and one of his eyes presented a rich moonlight effect. Near his hand on the ground lay an immense curved sword, of the type called a "tulwar." I believe. The body had not been moved or touched in any way, the police assured us.

The inspector in charge came up to Sprague. "I can't get this crowd to move on," he complained, "and I don't suppose you can do anything in such publicity as this." "Watch me," said Henny, with the calm, confident smile that is all his own.

He stepped forward and raised his voice. "Now, ladies and gentlemen," he cried, "You see this individual here; I was once in almost precisely the same condition two years ago, until I took up Christian Science, and—"

The loud hewer was gone ere he could conclude. We were alone.

"Wonderful, sir, wonderful," cried the inspector enthusiastically. "Pooh, a mere bagatelle," said Henny modestly. "And now to work." We shifted the defunct Indian. As we did so, something fell from the folds of his garments. It was a blood-stained knife!

"Ha," said Sprague, "here is what the murderer used! That sword, as I thought, was only a blind." We examined the weapon. It was a very curious one, indeed. It was made of some very heavy metal, had no point, and the edge was exceedingly blunt. The back of the blade and the handle, however, were sharpened to a very

acute degree, in such a way as to cause a painful incision in the hand, when grasped. The handle was covered with some dark brown sticky substance. Sprague placed the knife in his pocket for further examination.

"What have you found out about the deceased?" he asked the officer.

"Well," responded the other, "we know he is a Hindu juggler, attached to a circus, now in the city. He is advertised as the Sikh sword-swallower, and his name is Okeshon Ali; he can speak no English." "Nor anything else just at present," interposed one of the minions of the law. Sprague turned on him so fierce a glance that he instantly collapsed in a heap.

"Come, Jimson," said Henny, "We will pursue our investigations at home." So saying, he turned away, in deep thought. On arriving home, he pulled me into his laboratory and closed the door. "I shall now examine the substance on the handle of this knife," said he, as he opened a cupboard in the wall. There appeared to my rapt gaze a large machine, with a wide opening near the top, a great number of wires and cylinders, and at the bottom a series of little receptacles, all neatly labelled. "This," said Sprague, "is my patent poison separator. It automatically separates and identifies the various poisons known to science." He scraped some of the substance from the knife handle, and dropped it into the opening, at the same time turning a handle at the side of the apparatus. A faint hum was heard; then Henny whipped open a small door, and withdrew the little receptacle before mentioned.

"See, Jimson," he cried. "It works perfectly! Look, the arsenic cup is nearly full; so is the strychnine one; and the nicotine one—why, great Scott! It's simply a compound of all the deadliest poisons!" "Wonderful, Sprague, wonderful!" I exclaimed.

Just then, Barney, Henny's assistant, entered. The curious knife, lying on a table, caught his eye. "Where'd you get the Ham-And?" were his queries, in a surprised tone.

"What's that?" cried Sprague. "Do you recognize this weapon?" "Sure," answered the other. "It's off a Ham-And." "And what is that?" we cried together. "Why, a quick-lunch counter, of course," he answered, looking quite perplexed. "Jimson," cried Sprague in jubilation, "I have the criminal!" "This here's from the South-Western," went on Barney, confidently. "I'd know that razor-edge handle anywhere." "Better and better," exclaimed the great detective. "Could you lead us to this—er—South-Western, Barney?" "Sure, I could," answered the assistant. "That's where I get my meals. But what I'd like to know, Mr. Henny, is how you managed to pike that there knife, I've never seen anyone try that game in the South-Western, and get away with it." "Hush, Barney," said Sprague, "you can't expect to know everything. But stay," he went on, "perhaps you can identify the knife more closely, even. Look at it again!" Barney did so. "Why," he cried, "what's this on the handle?" He smelt it. "Raisin pie," he said. "Raisin pie!" chorused Sprague and I in amazement. "Sure, Raisin pie, South-Western raisin pie," reiterated Barney. "Ha, as I thought," exclaimed Henny, "I can now place my finger on the murderer. Quick, Barney, lead me to the South-Western! No, not a word! Lead on!"

We hurried out and down the street. Suddenly Barney turned into a narrow doorway. We followed him and stood within the South-Western "Ham-And." We saw a long, narrow room with chairs, built on the cantilever plan, ranged round the walls. In these chairs sat a number of human beings, rapidly, but thoroughly demolishing what seemed to be food. The method most in favour was apparently similar to the Australian crawl-stroke, familiar to swimmers, but a rotary motion of two forks was also employed by a considerable number of diners. The adherents of some older school, I imagine, were fairly in evidence, too; their method, consisting, as it did, of the universal employment of a massy table-spoon, possessed at least the virtue of charming simplicity. One thing which impressed me strongly was that none of the eaters looked for a moment at his plate; the gaze of them all was riveted upon the empty air at a point immediately in front.

We approached a burly server who was announced behind a counter over which he hurled food at a terrific velocity; his countenance, I may state without reserve, was low and brutal. "This is our man," hissed Sprague. "Have you seen anything of a Hindu gentleman?" inquired he.

"Hindu!" bawled the other. "Don't talk to me of Hindus. I've had enough of Hindus, I have. Piked one of me knives, he did, that feller! But I give him a swell eye; and say, yah should've seen his ear!" Sprague smiled quietly. "I arrest you in the name of the law for the murder of Okeshon Ali," he said, with grim directness.

The name seemed to rouse the criminal to madness. He took a quick look at Sprague, cried, "Waiting on—one nut!" and hurled an egg at us. The missile passed Henny's ear by a hair's breadth, struck the wall and exploded with a terrific report.

"We retreated hastily to the street. "This is more a case for the asylum than for the court house," said Sprague bitterly. "However, I shall bring my friend the inspector back, and he can make the arrest." We entered the police station. The inspector came to meet us, his face wreathed in smiles. "Well, sir," he said, "we have the explanation of that mystery about Okeshon Ali, the juggler." "Oh, you have, have you?" said Henny.

"All wrong, as usual, I presume?" "No," answered the officer. "We have his own account. He wasn't dead, you know, only seriously wounded. He has told us about the whole thing." "Oh, well," said the great detective, "I've already deduced it all, but let's hear it again."

The officer began. "This chap, as you know, was a professional sword-swallower in a circus in the city here. Well, it seems that yesterday he was walking along the street and wandered into one of these 'Ham-And' places, the South-Western, I think it was. "Aha," cried Sprague, as he shot a triumphant glance at me, "Proceed."

"This here Hindu," went on the inspector, "saw the folks in the 'Ham-And' eating, and he reckoned that what he called 'the white infidel's' sword swallowing made his look like about two cents, so he resolved to see if he couldn't pull off something of the kind. He went up to the guy in charge to see if he couldn't borrow a knife, but as he couldn't speak English he was misunderstood, and the chap threw him out, blacking his eye and hitting off half of one ear. Okeshon, however, came right back, grabbed a knife, and beat it so quickly that they couldn't catch him. He went to the vacant lot, where we found him, and after getting his hand in on one of his own swords, started in on the 'Ham-And' one. That's all he can remember, but I guess we can supply the rest. Thanks very much for your help on the case, Mr. Henny."

"Don't mention it," cried Sprague. "I take it as a pleasure to work out these knotty mysteries. Well, Jimson, I think you'll admit that I have completely solved everything."

"Oh, Sprague," I exclaimed, "of course you have." "Let's go to the South-Western for dinner," said Barney, whose mind worked along material lines. "They make awful good raisin pie there, y'know."

"I think not," said Sprague.

"Sprague, you are wonderful," cried I.

"What's that?" cried Sprague. "Do you recognize this weapon?" "Sure," answered the other. "It's off a Ham-And." "And what is that?" we cried together. "Why, a quick-lunch counter, of course," he answered, looking quite perplexed. "Jimson," cried Sprague in jubilation, "I have the criminal!" "This here's from the South-Western," went on Barney, confidently. "I'd know that razor-edge handle anywhere." "Better and better," exclaimed the great detective. "Could you lead us to this—er—South-Western, Barney?" "Sure, I could," answered the assistant. "That's where I get my meals. But what I'd like to know, Mr. Henny, is how you managed to pike that there knife, I've never seen anyone try that game in the South-Western, and get away with it." "Hush, Barney," said Sprague, "you can't expect to know everything. But stay," he went on, "perhaps you can identify the knife more closely, even. Look at it again!" Barney did so. "Why," he cried, "what's this on the handle?" He smelt it. "Raisin pie," he said. "Raisin pie!" chorused Sprague and I in amazement. "Sure, Raisin pie, South-Western raisin pie," reiterated Barney. "Ha, as I thought," exclaimed Henny, "I can now place my finger on the murderer. Quick, Barney, lead me to the South-Western! No, not a word! Lead on!"

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